

The Cocoon Fun

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
At Flagstaff the county seat of Coconino county.

RECONCILED.

She came when, waked by May-time weather,
The first rosebud its leaves unfurled.
And Joy and Hope and Love together,
Went singing round the happy world.

And as she flowered and expanded
To perfect grace on every side,
We lived as in a land enchanted,
Wherein all things seem glorified.

We never dreamed God had but sent her
Into the world, this wonder-child,
To teach our hearts to be more tender,
And show us beauty undefiled.

And when her Heavenly mission ended—
God called her spirit back to Him,
Our hearts with agony were rending,
Our eyes with bitter tears were dim;

And as with faltering feet we bore her
To her last earthly resting place,
And saw the turf heaped darkly o'er her,
Hiding the glory of her face,

We turned away with stony faces,
Refusing to be comforted;
And hushed our voices, vain and wild,
And as of old, in God confiding,
Our will with His is reconciled.

Ah, had she lived, our hearts' dear treasure,
Who knows what pain, what grief, what tears,
What loss no human gauge can measure,
Might have been hers in after years?

Now, safe from Time, the rude Despoiler,
From sorrow saved, and sin, and strife,
Yea, safe from aught whose touch could soil her,
Her soul has won immortal life!

But still, in her divine essence,
Unbroken speech with us she holds,
And with the glory of her Presence,
Dispels the darkness of our souls.

So radiant with celestial splendor,
How can we think of her as dead?
So loving still, so pure, so tender,
Why should we not be comforted?
—Charles W. Hubner, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE TRAMP AT THE DOOR.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.



HE came to the back door, which he opened without the ceremonious of a knock, and entered the summer kitchen of the house to find it cold and unoccupied. As no sign: "Beware of the dog" greeted his one good eye, he kept on and climbed a short flight of terrestrial stairs where dilapidated saucers and other culinary utensils had been ignominiously abandoned by the cook. Then he knocked at the second closed door which confronted him, and was almost immediately after faced by the entire household.

For his coming had not been unobserved. Everybody was there to meet him, but nobody was there to greet him—not at least with a kindly welcome. The several pairs of feminine eyes focused upon him expressed various degrees of wrath, fear, contempt and repulsion. The mistress of the house was young and pretty, but her face was set like a flint. Yet she had the kindest heart in the world. But when the tramp asked her for a bite to eat she ordered the cook to hand out a cup of coffee, a boiled egg, left over from the family table, and some bread and butter. Then she gave the cook—by a glance of warning—a tip regarding the silver. The forks and spoons in that family were genuine and heir-looms, so the tramp ate his breakfast in the primitive fashion which obtained before knives and forks were invented. He seemed to have refined instincts in table etiquette, and the egg, which was soft boiled, rather bothered him, until he made a bit of the bread serve as a spoon. It was em-



"I CANNOT GET WORK, MA'AM."

barrassing, too, to eat with the mistress of the house watching him. It was more embarrassing to have her suddenly ask:

"Why are you a tramp?"

"I cannot get work, ma'am."

"Have you tried?"

"Yes'm. Look at my hands!"

She started back; for being versed in the social fall of palmistry she read in the palms he showed her the story of failure and defeat, and saw a life-line broken rudely ere it had reached half its natural limit.

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"In the station in the town beyond."

Again she thought of the silver, and half closed the door which she held as a barrier between her and this alien of his kind, who was making a paper napkin from a torn sheet lying near. It struck the young hostess forcibly that her guest was consistent with his

surroundings. He was eating from a bread-board laid over a flour barrel, his implements being the ten servants that wait on man—his fingers.

"It was my first night in the station house," he continued, apologetically. "I had money of my own until last week—enough to buy lodgings. It being the holidays, it's hard to get work. Have you any work I can do to pay for my breakfast?"

She wanted to test him and prove that he was lazy and worthless, so that her conscience might never reproach her judgment, and she bade him carry a large packing-trunk, on one end of which he was seated, to the attic, a distance of three flights of stairs.

"I couldn't do it, ma'am."

She noticed that he didn't say "lady," as professional tramps do.

"I am too weak for want of regular food to lift or carry anything heavy, but I could do light chores. I can carry coal in, or empty ashes, or clean—the silver."

There was a sparkle of caustic mirth—it could hardly be called impudence—in his lack-luster eyes, and his hos-



"I AM NOT GOING THIS MORNING," SHE SAID.

tess actually shrank in alarm at his suggestion.

"You are welcome to your breakfast," she said, coldly, and moved as if to close the door.

"Thank you, ma'am; I'm going on, so you won't see me again, but I want to say something. The church bells sound grand, don't they? And you are going to church to put money in the plate for the heathen and to pay for charity. And you have fed me this morning in His name. If He came to ask one single meal of your charity, would you have given Him a cold bite outside in the freezing blast, or asked Him in, and seated Him by a warm fire?"

"Christ would not have robbed and perhaps murdered me for doing good."

"Nor would I. There are d-speradoes in the highest circles of society as well as in the ranks of the outcast. But do you not think it kinder to keep a dog and not put your charity to such a severe strain? 'The greatest of these is charity,' reads in the revised edition 'the greatest of these is love.' Have I been enjoying Christian love this morning?"

As she did not answer he resumed his side of the discussion.

"It would have taken a few moments of your servant's time to warm the cup of cold coffee you gave me; and is a silver spoon of more account than the comfort of a being who has a soul? I would not have stolen the spoon, but you could not know that. Perhaps, ma'am, you have read 'Les Miserables,' and recall the old bishop, the silver candlestick, and Jean Valjean?"

At this moment the housemaid thrust something into the hand of her mistress—not the one holding the door, but the other which, held back, seemed asking for assistance. It was a toy pistol in silver and ivory which lay reposed in the pink upturned palm, which resented the intrusion.

"Take it away and bring me my pocketbook," she said in a half-whisper. When that came she opened it and took a dollar from its folds.

"That is the amount I would have given to the collection this morning. Take it, and at the first opportunity buy a warm meal. And if you come this way again I will trust you to eat under my roof and give you a spoon."

"Give me half the money and save the rest for my brother."

"You have a brother, then, who is a tramp?"

"Every tramp is my brother and yours, in Christ, or the religion taught is a farce. He had not where to lay his head; neither have we. I shall not come this way again to tax your hospitality, but you will remember me and hereafter make yourself a cheerful giver whom the Lord loves."

He put on his disreputable cap and hobbled away, leaving an astonished household gazing after him. The cook and the housemaid had plenty to say about his impudence, but the young mistress held her peace. She was struggling for the first time with the great problem of the day, why men become tramps. When she relinquished her hold on the door, which had shut her in and that other member of the human family out, she went to her husband, who was ready for church.

"I am not going this morning," she said. "I have had the whole service, even to the collection; and she related her experience with the tramp."

It did not reassure her to be told that she had aided criminality and that her offering would doubtless be exchanged for liquor, but she had begun the building of a bridge of trust, and somehow its architecture pleased her. She reasoned with the later-day poet whose verse she read with scarcely a thought of its application:

"He can't be altogether bad,
This outcast among men."

After that she dropped the theory and took up the practice of that much lauded virtue—charity.—Detroit Free Press.

FATAL TO LIVE STOCK.

Democratic Rule Depresses an Important Business.

The annual statement of the department of agriculture of the number and value of farm animals requires comparison with statements of previous years to disclose its meaning. A decrease appears in the number of each kind of farm animals, which would not be fully appreciated without the fact that there had been a decrease in two previous years in every kind except mules and milch cows. The decrease in the three years has been in number 1.8 per cent. in milch cows, 2.2 in mules, 6.6 in horses, 7.1 in swine, 10.8 in cattle, and 19 per cent. in sheep. Nearly a fifth of the sheep in the country have been exterminated by three democratic years. But there has also been a decline in the average price during the same three years, notwithstanding the decrease in number, in every kind of animals except milch cows, which have increased 3.8 per cent., and cattle, which increased 4 per cent. In horses the price has declined 46 per cent., and in mules 43, owing to peculiar causes; in swine 32.1, and in sheep 36.1 per cent. Such a decline in sheep, added to a decrease of 19 per cent. in number, is, in truth, a surprising evidence of the boasted blessings of free trade to wool growers. The value of all sheep on the farms has decreased from \$125,900,264 to \$65,167,735 in three years, or nearly 48 per cent.

To this must be added, in order to grasp the full virtue of the democratic policy for wool growers, an average loss of 6 cents per pound on about 336,000,000 pounds of wool in 1893, 8 cents on 325,000,000 pounds in 1894, and 9 cents on 310,000,000 pounds in 1895—in all about \$74,000,000; so that the wool growers' loss has been about \$134,741,000, or more than the entire value of all the sheep in the country three years ago. In fact, it averages a loss of \$2.85 for every sheep then in the country, of which the farm value was \$2.66. The senator from Ohio who voted for free wool, and could not explain to the wool growers why they had lost about \$12,918,000 in two years, has been retired. The senators from Texas, where wool growers have lost about \$12,787,000, and from California, where they have lost about \$12,166,000, have yet to explain their part.

The losses in number and value of farm animals are only in part explained by the increase in the previous four years, 1890-93, in which there was of some kinds a notable and perhaps undue increase. Thus the number of horses increased in these four years 13.6 per cent., but a decrease of 14.8 per cent. in average value indicates that the gain was excessive, and the number of mules increased 3.2 per cent., but decreased in value 11.1 per cent. Considering the great expansion in other means of locomotion in towns and cities, it may be supposed that an excessive increase of horses caused the resulting decline both in number and value after 1893, and the shrinkage in general business and in value of important farm products also accounts for much of the subsequent decrease. As milch cows increased 7.4 per cent., and cattle 2.6 in the four years 1890-93, with a decline of 9.2 per cent. in the average value of cows and 10.6 in the average value of cattle, the fact that the further decrease in number of each has been accompanied by some recovery in price seems not unnatural. The decline of 8.3 per cent. in swine in the same four years brought an advance of 10.7 in price, but the scarcity of corn has doubtless been an important factor in the fall of the price during the last three years. But sheep increased 10.9 per cent. in number from 1890 to 1893 and 34.5 per cent. in value in spite of that gain in number, while the decrease in the three subsequent years has been greater, both in number and in value, as follows:

In four years, 1889-92.			
	Number.	Av. value.	Inc. or dec.
Horses	Inc. 13.6	Dec. 14.8	Dec. 11.1
Mules	Inc. 3.2	Dec. 11.1	Dec. 11.1
Milch cows	Inc. 7.4	Dec. 9.2	Dec. 9.2
Other cattle	Inc. 2.6	Dec. 10.6	Dec. 10.6
Swine	Inc. 13.6	Dec. 10.7	Dec. 10.7
Sheep	Inc. 10.9	Dec. 21.8	Dec. 21.8

In three years, 1893-95.			
	Number.	Av. value.	Inc. or dec.
Horses	Dec. 6.6	Dec. 46.0	Dec. 46.0
Mules	Dec. 2.2	Dec. 43.9	Dec. 43.9
Milch cows	Dec. 1.8	Dec. 3.8	Dec. 3.8
Other cattle	Dec. 2.6	Dec. 10.6	Dec. 10.6
Swine	Dec. 7.1	Dec. 32.1	Dec. 32.1
Sheep	Dec. 19.0	Dec. 36.1	Dec. 36.1

The value of all cattle on the farms, notwithstanding losses in many, increased nine-tenths of 1 per cent. in the first period of four years, but decreased 30.4 per cent. in the second period of four years—a fact only in part due to the heavy losses in sheep, but largely to the general depression of business since the advent of the democratic party in power.—N. Y. Tribune.

Not So "Popular."

The democratic organs persist in speaking of the recent bond issue as a "popular" loan. Let us examine into the matter, and see how much it may be called "popular." The bids amounted in number to a little less than 4,700; only 353 were for \$1,000 and less, the other bids being for larger sums, and generally coming from banks, bankers, trust companies, etc. Of the 353 small bidders, 281 were outbid by Pierpont Morgan and the other Wall street men, leaving only 77 who will get any bonds, and all that they get will aggregate less than \$50,000. Thus, out of this loan of \$100,000,000, only \$50,000 goes to the people. That does not strike us as being a very "popular" loan.—San Francisco Argonaut.

There will never be another secret syndicate bond sale.—N. Y. World. There never ought to be another bond sale at all, and there never will be another in time of peace if the revenue laws are so reconstructed as to provide for the needs of the government, and democratic charlatans are kept from tinkering them.—Poughkeepsie Eagle.

If the democrats think they must have a candidate for president who can carry his own state, it will be necessary for them to go to Texas for him, and it isn't soverastingly certain that they can find him even there.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CAN'T DODGE THE ISSUE.

The Democrats Must Come to the Scratch on the Tariff.

It is all very well for the democrats to beguile the hours with speculation on finance, but they need not flatter themselves that the campaign is to be fought on any monetary issue. On the contrary, the one thing the people of this country are fully determined upon and propose to keep steadily in mind is the restoration of industrial prosperity. The tariff overshadows everything else, and will hold its own at the front. The democrats would like nothing so well as to shift the line of battle, but they cannot do it. The people won't have it. Four years ago the democrats declared: "We denounce the republican system of protection as a fraud, a robbery of the great mass of American people for the benefit of the few," and the great mass of the American people responded by the vernacular of the ballot: "That is so." Since then they have changed their minds. They have come to the conclusion that the republican system of protection, so far from being a fraud and a robbery, is their especial friend and benefactor.

This is a conviction, a sentiment, and a purpose, a trinity which will not be put aside by any other consideration less practicable. Experience has demonstrated to the American people that they robbed themselves by falling victims to the democratic fraud of free trade. They will allow nothing to come between them and the utter overthrow of the party which led them to be their own worst enemy.

Mr. Cleveland is by no means alone in his effort to divert attention from the tariff. Wherever democrats discuss the political situation they are dumb as oysters about the tariff, and seem to be thinking of nothing but gold or silver. This is equally true of the Olney boomers in Boston, and of Senator Jones, of Arkansas, at Little Rock. However they may differ on finance and however ready they may be to discuss the difference, they are all perfectly agreed in the policy of ignoring the tariff. But the tariff will not ignore them. Our outworn industrial prosperity is not to be downed.

The truth is, the American people have at last satisfied themselves that it is preposterous and ruinous folly for them to pursue a policy which puts out the fires of domestic industry, and if the democratic party wants to stand in line again for public favor it must accept this decision as a finality. Perhaps it will, but mere evasion will not atone for the desolation actually wrought, and still going on.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

CRIPPLES INDUSTRY.

The Democratic Tariff Is Fatal to Business.

The fact that a dozen American woolen factories have recently been forced to suspend operations, while a much larger number are only able to run on half time, is a significant commentary on the workings of the Wilson law. The reason for this partial paralysis of one of the most important of our domestic industries is evident to every man who reads the statistics showing the importations of foreign wools, which the Commercial Advertiser published a short time ago.

These figures showed that, while we imported only \$16,509,372 of woolen fabrics in 1894, our imports of these goods leaped up to \$37,494,863 in 1895. This tremendous flood of foreign manufactured products—a large proportion of which are of the cheapest and most undesirable sort—has glutted the American market, forced many fine manufacturing plants into wasteful idleness, and robbed an army of American wage-earners of pay and employment.

No matter how you look at it, the democratic tariff is an utter failure. It affords neither sufficient protection nor sufficient revenue. It necessitates continued borrowing to pay the expenses of government, drains the treasury of gold to pay for European products that should be made at home, and cripples American industries in a hundred ways. General and permanent prosperity is impossible until this abominable measure is either repealed or revised from top to bottom.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

COSTLY GROVER.

Increase of the Bonded Debt Under Cleveland.

The bonded debt of the nation increased in two years of "Grover and clover."	
February, 1894.....	\$50,000,000
November, 1894.....	50,000,000
February, 1895.....	62,315,000
February, 1896.....	100,000,000
Total.....	\$252,315,000
The two issues of \$50,000,000 each bear 5 per cent. interest, and have ten years' life. Interest on these will take \$50,000,000 from the treasury.	
The present loan and that of last year are at 4 per cent., the life of the bonds being 30 years. Interest on these will take \$194,778,000. We have, therefore, this exhibit of the cost of Clevelandism in hard, borrowed cash, to be repaid, principal and interest:	
Bonds, 50, ten years.....	\$100,000,000
Interest, ten years.....	50,000,000
Bonds, 40, 30 years.....	100,000,000
Interest, 30 years.....	194,778,000
Total.....	\$500,000,000
This is one item of the grand total of the cost of Clevelandism, otherwise "the change" which the people took it into their heads in 1892 they wanted. Cleveland and Carlisle and a free trade congress and Wilson and Bayard came high, but we bought 'em.—Utica (N. Y.) Herald.	

Yes, the bond issue was a great success. But issuing bonds is not paying the national debt. That salutary practice was discontinued when the late republican administration at Washington went out of power.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

It will soon be time for the democratic presidential nomination to go out on a long stern chase for its victim.—Scranton Tribune.

BANK ROBBERS LYNCHED.

Summary Vengeance by a Texas Mob—Two Outlaws Strung Up.

WICHITA FALLS, Tex., Feb. 27.—At 8:30 o'clock last night, a mob of several thousand persons attacked the jail here, where Foster Crawford and "The Kid" were confined. After a show of resistance on the part of the authorities, the mob battered in the jail doors and forcibly took possession of the prisoners. The two men were taken to the bank which they attempted to rob Tuesday, and an improvised scaffold was erected. The first impulse of the mob was to burn the prisoners, but calmer counsel prevailed.

Yells of "Hang the Kid first!" went up. Then others, "No, hang the oldest first." "The Kid" refused to say a word, and those having him in charge yanked him on to a box. The scene was a weird one. One had on high heeled boots, black pants and a deep red flannel shirt, which added a gruesome brilliancy to the scene. In a moment the rope was about his neck and a man who, some say, looked like one of the men whose horse had been taken yesterday, fixed one end across the crossbar. All this time "The Kid" was jeering at the audience, laughing and cursing. He never quivered. A voice in the audience said: "You are going to die now. Tell us your name."

"The Kid!" "My name is Younger Lewis, and my father and mother reside in Neosho, Mo."

"The Kid," or Younger Lewis, as he at the last moment says he was, continued chatting and laughing with the crowd, poking fun at them and cursing for a moment, and then some one yelled: "Time is up."

In an instant he was pulled up above the throng. He never quivered or kicked. He just went up in the air and he is hanging there now. Men on the frontier for years and years say no gamer man ever died. He was the coolest man in all the great crowd.

All the while Crawford was a spectator of the scene. He began to weaken and confessed, giving some valuable information. He placed the responsibility for the crime on "the Kid." The mob pulled him on to the improvised platform next to the bank he attempted to rob, and his head was about on a level with the dangling feet of his companion. When they began to look for a second rope, he begged for whisky. It was given to him. The rope soon arrived and it was put about his neck. He fell, either in a faint or from the effects of the liquor he had drunk. He was soon strung up along with his companion and his body dangled in mid-air.

The lynched men raided the City national bank at Wichita Falls, Tex., Tuesday afternoon, killing Cashier Frank Dorsey and wounding Bookkeeper P. P. Langford. They were captured late at night nine miles from town, after a fight of an hour. The robbers were in a thicket surrounded by pursuers and surrendered only when all hope was gone. They were taken to Wichita Falls and state rangers guarded them all night. Yesterday morning a mob gathered for the purpose of lynching the two robbers, but feared to advance on the jail as long as the rangers were inside with the prisoners. Last night the rangers left and the mob soon had the men.

HARMONY PREVAILS.

The Troubles in the Salvation Army Thought to Be Ended.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—Manifestations of the much talked of revolution in the Salvation army took a more definite form last night. Maj. Peter Glenn, the oldest officer in point of service in the headquarters staff, who for several years has had charge of the field department, sent in his resignation. Mr. and Mrs. Hallington Booth are still at Montclair, N. J., where they intend to remain several weeks to rest. Mr. Booth has received letters from pastors of churches in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Boston, asking him to conduct a series of meetings. He is in communication also with an undenominational committee of representative men of this city, who are offering him whatever financial support he needs to carry on independent evangelical work.

At Salvation army headquarters yesterday Col. Nicol said that a majority of the brigadier-generals of the army had been heard from by telegraph or otherwise, and that all professed unswerving allegiance to the international organization. The crisis, Col. Nicol added, was passed, and complete harmony would soon be restored.

AVENGED A BROTHER'S DEATH.

A Murderer Shot as He Was Being Taken to the Courthouse for Trial.

STANFORD, Ky., Feb. 27.—Marshal Frank Ellis, who was to be tried here yesterday afternoon for the killing of young Murphy at Junction City a year ago, was shot and probably fatally wounded by John Murphy, a brother of the dead man. Ellis was being brought from the jail to the courthouse for trial. Murphy was arrested by Sheriff Newland and placed in jail.

TAUNTED TO DESPERATION.

An Angry Father Shoots His Daughter and Then Takes His Own Life.

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—In a fit of rage yesterday, Jacob Dietzel, 63 years old, shot his daughter, Mrs. Henry Ohner, and then shot himself, inflicting wounds which in both cases will probably prove fatal. He was once in prosperous circumstances, but of late years has been dependent upon his children for support, and their frequent taunts on his condition, it is said, were the cause of the crime.

ENDLESS CHAIN IN POLITICS.

A New Application of an Old Idea Will Be Tried in Ohio.

MASHILLON, O., Feb. 27.—There is a movement here to induce every intelligent person in Stark county to write at least five letters to that number of friends in other states urging them to go to the primaries and work for McKinley delegates. It is estimated that 20,000 people should send out 100,000 letters within ten days, and as each correspondent will ask friends to write similar letters to other friends the scheme will be another manifestation of the endless chain idea.

WEYLER'S PROCLAMATION.

The Spanish General Tells Cubans What They May Expect.

HAVANA, Feb. 28.—The following is a synopsis of the important and long anticipated proclamation of Capt.-Gen. Weyler to the insurgents of the island of Cuba. It has not been published here or elsewhere, but will be issued shortly, and will say: "The captain-general proclaims that he allows the rebels in Pinar del Rio and Havana 15 days from the date of the proclamation in which to surrender to the authorities. Those who will do so will not be subject to molestation. But small bands of insurgents in these provinces, which do not surrender within the given period, will, at the expiration of that period, be treated as bandits."

Detachments of civil guards, reinforced by the civil guards of the province of Santiago de Cuba and the province of Puerto Principe, have orders to form lines at their respective towns of all persons who have joined the rebels, and their property will be confiscated. The property of those who have openly aided the rebels in their raids will also be confiscated. The towns in the western part of the island are authorized to organize a corps of guerrillas, and all office-holders on leave of absence will be relieved if, after eight days from the date of the proclamation, they have not returned to their posts. Petroleum and other inflammable articles, after the date of the proclamation, can no longer be sold in small ungarished towns.

TERRIBLE HAVOC WROUGHT.

Electric Storms in Australia Destroy Life and Property.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Feb. 28.—The Canadian-Australian steamer Mlowra from Sydney, brings news of great suffering and loss of property in Australia by the extraordinary climatic conditions. There is unprecedented heat on land and an excessively high death rate from sunstroke, 80 corpses being buried in Sydney in one day. Terrible storms prevailed along the coast. Crops in a great many localities have been ruined. Herds of stock are starving and dying for want of water, and there is a distressing array of marine casualties reported. The town of Murrumbidgee was almost entirely destroyed by an electric windstorm. It was night when the storm struck there. The whole country for 30 minutes was aflame with balls of fire and scintillating sparks of light. On the Queensland coast the storm was of awful violence. At midnight on January 26, the steamer Glanworth was driven on the rocks off Gladstone. There were 100 people on board. The crew, with a splendid display of courage and obedience, abandoned the vessel with some 85 passengers, landing them safely at the lighthouse. The vessel is a total wreck.

A BIG STRIKE.

Garment Workers Inaugurate One in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 28.—One of the largest labor strikes ever inaugurated in this city is now on in earnest. Five thousand members of the United Garment Workers' organization remained away from their work to-day. President Reichers stated he had made but one demand on the manufacturers—that none but members of the garment workers' organization be employed by them. He made the proposition that the garment workers should put up \$25,000 in responsible hands on condition that the manufacturers put up a like amount as to guarantee that any agreement be made between the two organizations be carried out. Mr. Reichers agreed to give non-union and Knights of Labor workers three or six months in which to become members of the union. The representatives of the manufacturers rejected all these propositions and announced their determination to adhere to their resolution to treat with their workers only as individuals and not as an organization. After listening to President Reichers' report a motion was made and carried for a general strike.

MISS OVERMAN'S TESTIMONY.

Shielda Pastor Brown by Declaring Himself in League with Mrs. Davidson.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 28.—Miss Matie Overman, with whom Dr. Brown is said to have been unduly intimate, was placed on the witness stand at the evening session. Miss Overman created a sensation by admitting that she had entered into a plot with Mrs. Davidson to blackmail Dr. Brown. She said she was induced to take the step by Mrs. Davidson, who told her the money she could obtain in that way would enable her to finish the studies in which she was engaged. Miss Overman said the letters written by herself to Mrs. Davidson, in which statements reflecting on the moral character of Dr. Brown were made, were contrived to carry out the plot.

A St. Louis Tragedy.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 28.—A deadly shooting affray in which one of the victims died upon the street amid an excited throng occurred here at five o'clock yesterday evening. Dr. Edward A. Dill, a dentist at No. 810 North Broadway and his assistant, J. J. Seaman, quarreled and Seaman shot Dill in the right breast. Dill returned the fire as he fell. Seaman fell as he staggered to the street, with blood spurting from a hole in his side and expired on the sidewalk at Broadway and Morgan streets. Dr. Dill was removed to his home. His wound is dangerous.

A Vote Taken in Winnipeg.

WINNIPEG, Man., Feb. 28.—Attorney-General Sifton's motion protesting against Dominion government interference with Manitoba's school laws by the passage of a remedial bill was adopted in that legislature yesterday, after an all-night sitting, by a vote of 31 to 7.

Machinery Proved a Failure.

ATCHISON, Kan., Feb. 28.—The \$25,000 mining plant, which Donald Broa placed in their coal mine a year ago, has been taken out and 50 miners employed. The mining machinery did not give satisfaction.